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The Sheep's Skin pull'd off from the WOLF's back :

The Uncaſing of the KNIGHT.

BEING

A SATYRICAL COPY of VERSES

The abominable and treaſonable Practices of a Pagan Knight
with a Chriſtian Name, now in the TOWER.

OF all the Plots we ever yet have read,
That Jeſuites hatch'd, or Hell it ſelf has bred,
No one like this did ever yet appear,
That this, of Plots, has been a fruitful year.

The Pagan Knight, with Preſbyterian Face,
Shall 'mongſt the Chief of Plotters have the place;
And in Hells deep Conſults, there's none ſhall dare,
If he be by, to ſtep into the Chair.
The King of Spain, and his proud vaunting Elves,
Plotted our Ruine, but 'twas like themſelves;
They came with Arms, with Halters, and with Knives,
To kill the Men, with Luſt, to abuſe their Wives.
The Pope, good man, plotted with bloody Knife,
To take *Elizabeth's* Renowned Life;
With Curſes, Dagger, Piſtol, Poyſon too,
He honeſtly did his Deſignes purſue.
The Jeſuits, of Hells Privy-Council ſworn,
And all the bald-pate Priests that e'er were ſhorn,
Plotted at once to blow into the Air
The King, his Iſſue, Common, every Peer;
And (like the Tyrant, who but wiſh'd it) ſo
To cut a Kingdoms Head off at one Blow.
Thoſe Holy Fathers, with their Secretary,
Who with their Plots, at Tyrants did miſcarry,
Plotted to take our Sovereigns ſacred Life
By Piſtol, or by Poyſon, Sword, or Knife;
Then to enſlave the free Necks of a Nation
And to bring in a Popiſh Reformation :

Yet

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Yet these come short of what this Knight would do,
 Who did more devilish Plots, than these pursue;
 For all their Plots this Knight had made his own,
 And them upon the Protestants had thrown.
 Thus, like a Wolf doat'd in a white Sheeps Case,
 The Knight appears with Presbyterian Face;
 With them he clubs, and hears them preach and pray,
 The better only that he might betray:
 For every night the Knight is brought to bed,
 Of all the Treacherous Issue of his head,
 By Mother Midnight, who the impious Brood
 Did into nursing Jesuits hands intrude.
 Hell such a pile of Villany ne'er rear'd,
 And such a Plot as this was never heard,
 To clear the Guilty (which the Devil ne'er meant)
 And to accuse, and damn the Innocent;
 To hang up Dugdale, Beddie, Smith, and Oates,
 And to make Protestants cut Protestants Throats;
 To swear good Patriots honest Lives away,
 A List of which hidden in Meal-tub lay:
 To bring Fire, Sword, War, Dread, and Devastation,
 And to defile, with innocent blood, a Nation;
 And then to set up th' Image of the Beast,
 To which all men must bow, or hang'd at least.
 But now the Wolf has lost his outward Case,
 And he appears with his own wolfish Face;
 His Popish Claws and bloody Fangs are shown,
 The counterfeit Sheep for a meer Wolf is known;
 And in the Tower secur'd; he now between
 The Lions, Monsters, and worse Beasts is seen.
 Tho with a learn'd Astrologer, the Fate
 Of Kings and Kingdoms he did oft debate;
 And tho the Stars had others Fates made known,
 He never in those Books could read his own.
 But sometimes Poets, who are Vates too,
 Can tell as much as Gadob can do;
 And they declare, the wolfish Knight will be,
 With several other Traytors, such as he,
 Who for such Practices in Holds are pent,
 Like wicked Vermin hang'd, next Parliament.

F I A N I S.